I pray you tell my Lord and father Madam,
I will not marrie yet, and when I do, I sweare
It shall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*, these are newes indeed.
M. Here comes your father, tell him so your selfe:
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet *and Nurse.*

Ca. When the Sun sets, the earth doth drisle deaw,
But for the Sunset of my brothers sonne,
It rains downright. How now a Conduit girle, what still in tears
Euermore showring in one litle body?
Thou counterfaits. A Barke, a Sea, a Wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebbe and flowe with teares, the Barke thy body is:
Sayling in this salt floud, the windes thy sighes,
Who raging with thy teares and they with them,
Without a sudden calme will ouerset
Thy tempest tossed body. How now wife,
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
La. I sir, but she will none, she giue you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Ca. Soft take me with you, take me with you wife,
How will she none? doth she not giue vs thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,
Vnworthy as she is, that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman to be her Bride?
Iu. Not proud you haue, but thankful that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I hate,
But thankfull euen for hate, that is meant loue.
Ca. How, how, how how, chopt lodgick, what is this?
Proud and I thanke you, and I thanke you not,
And yet not proud mistresse minion you?
Thanke me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine loynts gainst Thursday next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

You

Out you greene sickneſſe carrion
You tallow face.
La. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Iu. Good Father, I beſeech yo
Heare me with patience, but to ſp
Fa. Hang thee young baggage,
I tell thee what, get thee to Churc
Or neuer after looke me in the fa
Speake not, replie not, do not anſw
My fingers itch, wife, we ſcarce t
That God had lent vs but this on
But now I ſee this one is one too
And that we haue a curſe in hauin
Out on her hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her:
You are to blame my Lord to rat
Fa. And why my Lady wiſdom
Good Prudence ſmatter, with yo
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father, ô Godigeden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſhip
For here we need it not.
Wi. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me m
Day, night, houre, tide, time, work
Alone in companie, ſtill my care
To haue her matcht, and hauing
A Gentleman of noble parentag
Of faire demeanes, youthfull and
Stuft as they ſay, with honourable
Proportiond as ones thought wo
And then to haue a wretched puli
A whining mammet, in her fortu
To anſwere, ile not wed, I cannot
I am too young, I pray you pardo

I